

NATURAL BUILDERS.

BOASTFUL MAN SHOULD CONSIDER THE WORK OF ANIMALS.

Extraordinary Instinct and Capacity of Some Apparently Insignificant Creatures—A Few of the Many Wonders They Have Performed.

Man prides himself upon his marvelous inventions. He holds up to the admiration of the world the wonderful buildings which he has constructed and thinks himself unrivaled as an architect, but "he who reaches nian knowledge has instructed the smallest insects in the art of building and has thus anticipated the works of man as an architect." They who build the tower of Babel thought their invention of turning earth into stone a most wonderful discovery, but the white ant and the busy little bee had practiced this art from the earliest days. The great mathematician instructed the tiny bee how to build its first cell in the manner which combines the greatest amount of strength with the least material. Instinct, which may be called perpetual memory, has preserved the knowledge thus communicated, and the art has been practiced by the countless myriads of their descendants in all climes and countries. The little bee has been engaged in storing away the honey in these hexagonal cells, constructing the cells of wax and placing within them the bee bread, a paste made of pollen and honey, for the food of the young. In each of these cells the queen bee deposits an egg. Some of the bees surround their nests with down collected from the leaves of plants to serve as a nonconductor of heat, to guard against changes of temperature.

Nature taught the inferior orders of animals carpentry, taught them to divide their houses into various apartments, to construct domes, arches, staircases and colonnades and to excavate tunnels. The scarlet hangings of the ancient city of Tyre excited the admiration of the then known world, but there was a little insect that knew the art, long before the celebrated Tyrian dye was discovered, of hanging the walls of its cell with tapestry of a scarlet more brilliant than that of Tyre.

Selecting the scarlet petals of the poppy, the upholsterer bee cuts small, oval pieces as neatly as if done with a pair of scissors, seizes the pieces between her legs and carries them to her nest. She overlays them three or four in thickness, fitting the pieces very dextrously, and thus hanging her nest all around with this splendid scarlet tapestry. In this beautiful nest her eggs are hatched.

Men have been ages in bringing populous cities to their fullest extent, but the white ants require only a few months to build a city containing a much larger number of inhabitants than Babylon in all its glory. These habitations are built with two stories, with long galleries and numerous chambers. The spider weaves his home as a silken net; the locust constructs his of the bark of trees, cut into shape by a sawlike organ which he possesses; the klugfisher rears his young in a floating cradle; the ant builds winding passages to numerous chambers. In the innermost of these chambers the infant treasures are laid

at night to protect them from cold. In the morning, when the sun is up, the workers convey the larvae to the upper chambers, close under the roof, where they may have warmth.

The beaver hut is round and arched and has a cellar, a flooring, a ceiling and a roof raised by an animal destitute of the builder's art and instructed only by nature. The hare keeps open a chimney to his burrow for circulation of air, from which in cold countries a little column of steam is often seen to arise. The chimpanzee builds for himself a hut of branches and leaves, which is, however, roofless. Many shellfish have been taught by Mother Nature to enlarge their houses without moving out of them. Birds build various kinds of nests in various kinds of places. They hang them from trees, they sew them to a living leaf, they weave a matting above them, they build them in sections under a common roof in the shape of a purse, they place them in tufts of grass where they found their lowly house of withered

And coarser spear grass. They line their houses with feathers, leaves, grass, hair, string, moss; they cement them, they glue them, they plaster them.

The most insignificant of nature's creative bounty have a talent for making houses for their young. The gentry in yellow jackets deposit their eggs in brown paper cups or in little clay cells; the spider, that sly spinner, ties them up in bags of Quaker colored silk. Some do them up in gray bundles and hang them on trees; some find a cradle for them in the ripening apple or the reddening cherry, while some shelter them beneath the leathery umbrella of the toadstool. Every where these larvae may be found as spring opens. They are peeping from holes swarming in the air, laid away in silken shrouds, rocked in shells of the ocean, burrowing in the earth, skulking in the woods, set in another of pearl, put up in ivory, imbedded in sand, laid away in the center of fallen logs, pecking from the other side of shells, blue, mottled and white, each fulfilling its part in the great workshop of nature. The great monuments of man, his cities, edifices, roads, are but pebbles in comparison with the works of those humble creatures who have constructed reefs and islands in the midst of the sea. Deep down in the waves is one of nature's largest workshops, and the work is done according to nature's order by the little coral animal whose home is in the ocean.

THE ISLAND OF FIRE.

Java's Wonderful Lake of Boiling Mud and Slime.

The greatest natural wonder in Java, if not in the entire world, is the justly celebrated Gheko Kamdka Gumko, or Home of the Hot Devils, known to the world as the Island of Fire. This geological singularity is really a lake of boiling mud situated at about the center of the plains of Grobogana and is called an island because the great emerald sea of vegetation which surrounds it gives it that appearance. The island is about two miles in circumference and is situated at a distance of almost exactly fifty miles from Solo. Near the center of this geological freak immense columns of soft hot mud may be seen continually rising and falling like great timbers thrust through the boiling substratum by giant hands and then again quickly withdrawn. Besides the phenomenon of boiling mud columns there are scores of gigantic bubbles of hot slime that fill up like huge balloons and keep up a series of constant explosions, the intensity of the detonations varying with the size of the bubble. In times past, so the Javanese authorities say, there was a tall, spirelike column of baked mud on the west side of the lake which constantly belched a pure stream of cold water, but this has long been obliterated, and everything is now a seething mass of bubbling mud and slime, a marvel to the visitors who come from great distances to see it.

Burma Customs.

Two ceremonies in Burma mark when childhood stops and manhood or womanhood begins. The boys have their thighs tattooed and the girls their ears bored. The boring of a girl's ears is commenced with a needle, and the puncture is gradually increased until the tip of the finger can be introduced. The enlarging process is the one carried out in the Polynesian islands, where a native can carry a good sized knife hanging in the lobe of his ear. The ugliest mutilation is that of the Eskimo, who punches a hole in his cheek and puts a bone stud into it. The Burmese boy suffers great pain from the elaborate ornamentation of his legs, which are decorated in blue and red patterns.

Resourceful.

"Here!" roared the old lawyer to his son, studying law with him. "You told me you had read this work on evidence, and yet the leaves are not cut."

"Used X rays," rawned the versatile son, and the father chuckled with delight as he thought what a lawyer the boy would make.—London Punch.

The One Exception.

"Of course," said Henpeck. "I don't always do what my wife tells me."

"What?" exclaimed Meeker in surprise. "No; you see if she's in a sarcastic mood when she orders me to do anything I know she wants me to do just the opposite."—Philadelphia Press.

His Experience.

First Artist—But you love art for its own sake? Second Artist—Why, yes. I'm coming to the conclusion that that's all there is in it.—Brooklyn Life.

The language denotes the man. A coarse or refined character finds its expression naturally in a coarse or refined phraseology.—Bovee.

DR. FUNK ON PSYCHICS

Cites Ex-Governor Who Talked With Daughter's Spirit.

LENGTHY CONVERSATION KEPT UP

Expert on Spiritualism Tells Congregational Ministers of Cases of Spirit Communication to Indicate Laws Not Yet Recognized by Science. How a Safe Was Opened.

Dr. I. K. Funk, the investigator of psychic phenomena, who recently read a paper on "Spiritualism" to sixty members of the New York Congregationalist ministers' meeting, said: "The time has come to dismiss from our minds once and for all the thought that 'there is nothing in it.'" The paper contained instances of what purported to be spirit communication, including one between a former governor of a state, whose name was withheld, and his wife and their dead daughter, says the New York Herald.

Dr. Funk cited these cases to show that there are psychic conditions and laws which science does not yet recognize.

As a test of spirit photography he related the experience of a Dr. Veeder of Lyons, N. Y. Dr. Veeder, he said, had each of several persons of tested psychic power place one hand above and the other hand below a sensitized photographic plate and had all concentrate their thoughts on a silver dollar. When the plate was developed Dr. Veeder found the form of a silver dollar on the plate.

George L. Seabury of Brooklyn, Dr. Funk said, went to a medium with a written note, sealed and in his pocket, containing two questions addressed to his dead father. In a seance the medium informed the audience that a spirit was present, gave the correct name of Mr. Seabury's father and answered the two questions.

Another case was that of Mrs. L., widow of an army officer. When her husband died, it ran, he left important papers in a safe, but left no memorandum of the combination. She called in a safe expert who was a medium. He sat before the safe while she prayed earnestly in her own room, and the safe was opened. The man said his hand had been guided by the spirit of her dead husband, but Mrs. L., who is not a spiritualist, declared the safe had been opened by prayer.

Dr. Funk told of having communication with the same spirit through different mediums, but on each occasion, he said, the spirit has stoutly denied any previous communication. Professor Hyslop, he said, got an intelligence, which asserted it was that of his father, to give him privately a password, so that at subsequent sittings he might identify his father. Professor Hyslop was sure that he had obtained such an identification through another medium.

Coming to the case of the former governor, Dr. Funk said this man had written to him about his experience and had asked that his name be withheld, as he did not wish to set going "the funny man of the press." Six months after their daughter's death the former governor and his wife, who insist they are not spiritualists, heard of a medium who was visiting a neighboring city and summoned her. Of what followed he wrote to Dr. Funk:

"It was 10 o'clock in the morning, and daylight was full in the room. The medium had with her what she called a trumpet and which was of considerable length when jointed together. This was laid on the table with the large end toward my wife, who was told to put this end to her ear. The medium did not sit near the trumpet or table. In a few moments we heard a voice in the trumpet which sounded, to our amazement, like the voice of our dead daughter. It said it was our daughter.

"She told us the particulars of her death, including some incidents which we felt sure no mortal knew but ourselves. I watched the medium's lips closely. They did not seem to move in the slightest. I requested her to hold her lips tightly together. She offered to fill her mouth with water. This seemed to me cruelly suspicious and unnecessary, and I did not insist upon it. For a long time the conversation was kept up."

Dr. Funk said close cross examination of this statement had not shaken it. "In the governor's case," he said, "what was said is not of so much importance, for a tricky medium may get hold of facts which will puzzle any of us if they are sprung upon us, especially in very mysterious, ghastly surroundings. The puzzling thing is that independent voice in what seemed to be strictly test conditions."

No Lobsters in Congress.

(Reports of the Maine fishery commission show that the Pine Tree State beats all others in the production of lobsters. Notwithstanding this her delegation in each house of congress has been for thirty years far above the average.)

Old Maine sends lobsters all alive To Boston and New York; At San Francisco they arrive To tempt the gormand's fork. She forwards 'em to Baltimore, Chicago, Buffalo, And Philadelphia taps her store, With sleepy eyes aglow.

Old Maine sends lobsters to St. Paul, St. Louis, Omaha, And answers Cincinnati's call And feeds Communipaw. She sends 'em 'em to Washington (The Willard Chamberlain) To ride the politicians on Nightmares of sham and sin.

The White House market still she holds; Which others seek to glut. Each rival frets and fumes and scolds; Maine sells her lobsters; but The Pine Tree State claims credit due, Which all the world allows— She never sends her lobsters to The savats or the house. —Brooklyn Eagle.

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"The psoriasis first made its appearance in red spots, generally forming a circle, leaving in the center a spot about the size of a silver dollar of sound flesh. In a short time the affected circle would form a heavy dry scale of a white silvery appearance and would gradually drop off. To remove the entire scales by bathing or using oil to soften them the flesh would be perfectly raw, and a light discharge of bloody substance would again occur. That scaly crust would form again in twenty-four hours. It was worse on my arms and limbs, although it was in spots all over my body, also on my scalp. If I let the scales remain too long without removing by bath or otherwise, the skin would crack and bleed. I suffered intense itching, worse at nights after getting warm in bed, or blood warm by exercise, when it would be almost unbearable.

"To sum it all up, I would not go through such another ordeal of affliction for thirty-five years for the State of Kansas" (signed) W. M. Childester, Hutchinson, Kan., April 20, 1905. Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Pills, are sold throughout the world. Patent Drug & Chemical Corp., Dept. 10, 150 N. 2nd St., St. Paul, Minn. "How to Cure Torturing Humors."